NEW-MARKET,

A

SATIRE.

ΠΟΥΛΥΠΟΝΟΣ ΙΠΠΕΙΑ
ΩΣ ΕΜΟΛΕΣ ΑΙΑΝΗ
ΤΑΔΕ ΓΑ. Σοφοκ. Ελ. 508.

LONDON,
Printed for J. NEWBERY, at the *Bible* and *Sun* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard.
MDCCLI.

17463.4.11 F

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NEW-MARKET,

A

SATIRE.

HIS Country's hope, when now the blooming Heir
Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain youth, ſay, what's the darling joy?
Of each fond frolic what the ſource and end,
His ſole and firſt ambition what?------to ſpend.

Some 'Squires, to *Gallia*'s cooks moſt dainty dupes,
Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in ſoups.

This

This coxcomb doats on fiddlers, till he ſees
His mortgag'd mountains deſtitute of trees;
Convinc'd too late, that modern ſtrains can move,
With mightier force than thoſe of *Greece*, the grove.
In headleſs ſtatues rich, and uſeleſs urns,
MARMOREO from the claſſic tour returns;
So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh----
He cares not-----if his † CÆSARS be but ſafe.
Some tread the ſlippery paths of love's delights,
Theſe deal the cards, or ſhake the box at WHITE's.
To different pleaſures different taſtes incline,
Nor the ſame *ſea* receives the ruſhing *ſwine*.
Tho' drunk alike with CIRCE's poiſonous bowl,
In ſeperate ſties the mimic monſters roll.

But would ye learn, ye leiſure-loving 'Squires
How beſt ye may diſgrace your prudent ſires;
How ſooneſt ſoar to faſhionable ſhame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin-----and to fame;

† Antique Medals.

By

By hands of Grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread *Olympic* ground!
Where fam'd NEW-MARKET ſpreads her tempting plain,
There let the choſen ſteed victorious ſtrain;
Where not * (as erſt was ſung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the ſame path, to the ſame goal ye run,
And are at once, undoing and undone.
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and eſtate,
Loſe all at once----for what?----to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beaſts, ACTÆON-like, a prey.

What dreams of conqueſt fluſh'd HILARIO's breaſt,
When the good Knight at laſt retir'd to reſt!

---

* Alluding to thoſe well-known lines of Sir JOHN DENHAM (in *Cooper's Hill)* on *London.*

" ___ ___ Thro' ſeveral ways they run,
" Some to undo, and ſome to be undone."

Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleaſing proſpect of the ſpacious Park:
That Park, where beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe beauties leſs the work of art than age;
In ſimple ſtate, where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dreſs of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet,
The rude the gay, the graceful and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which *Druids* might adore;
Pride and ſupport of *Britain*'s conquering croſs,
Which diſtant anceſtors ſaw crown'd with moſs:
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compoſe a chequer'd ſcene,
Glowing in gay diverſities of Green:
There the full ſtream thro' intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle copſe, or beechen lawn,
To chear with ſun or ſhade the bounding fawn.

And

And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe *Gothic* tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whoſe rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread.
Where garter'd knights with peerleſs beauties joyn'd,
At high and ſolemn feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair virtue's ſhining taſk,
In myſtic pageantries, and moral ‡ Maſque.
But vain all ancient praiſe, or boaſt of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a proſperous Heir
HILARIO bets-----Park, Houſe diſſolve in air.

---

‡ It was a faſhionable Practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both ſexes, to perform perſonally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of ſpending an evening than this. MILTON's *Comus* was thus exhibited at *Ludlow-Caſtle*, in the Year 1631. *See* BEN JOHNSON's *Maſques*.

Poetry, painting, and muſick, were here united in their higheſt perfection. It were to be wiſhed that our modern people of diſtinction would revive this excellent practice, and ſubſtitute it in the place of *routes* and *maſquerades*. But in the preſent age, the idea of the true *decorum* ſeems to be utterly extinct; and even the dignity of human nature ſeems to be quite over-run with the falſe refinements of affected elegance, and all the inconſiſtent fopperies of ſtudied folly.

With

With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Deſcend to Gameſters, Proſtitutes, and Grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair ſeries of the whiſker'd race,
Whoſe pictur'd forms the ſtately gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck ſome tavern vile, at auctions ſold.
The pariſh wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial ſcene in ſilence lies.
Himſelf, the loſs politely to repair,
Turns Atheiſt, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Play'r.
At length, the ſcorn, the ſhame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to *rub* the ſteeds that once he *rode*.

Ye rival Youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thouſands on the liſted plain!

Not

Not more fantaſtic * SANCHO's airy courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic horſe,
He pierc'd heavn's opening ſpheres with dazzled eyes,
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary ſkies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious is the meed,
Of young advent'rers, on the Muſe's ſteed;
For Poets have, like you, their deſtin'd round,
And Ours is but a race on claſſic ground.

Long time, ſoft ſon of patrimonial eaſe,
HIPPOLITUS had ate ſirloins in peace:
Had quaff'd ſecure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
The mild *October* of a rural life:
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his game on ſafe paternal ground.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news
His boſom kindles with ſublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs T------ thy palms P------
Tempt him to rein the ſteed, and ſtake his ſtore.

* *Clavileno.* See *Don Quixote.* B. ii. Chap. 41.

Like a new bruiſer on BROUGHTONIC ſand,
Amid the liſts our hero takes his ſtand ;
Suck'd by the Sharper, to the Peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that witneſs huge diſmay ;
When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat,
Strips him of game, ſtrong beer, and ſweet retreat.
How awkward now he bears diſgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the *Poor's* laſt refuge, to be *pert*.-----
The ſhiftleſs beggar bears of ills the worſt,
At once with dulneſs, and with hunger curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs breaſt *equeſtrian* fires,
And dwells ſuch mighty rage in graver *'ſquires?*

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy CONSCRIPT COUNSELLORS behold ;
(For ſome perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a burrough, by a lucky bet,)
Smit with the love of the *laconic* boot,
The cap and wig ſuccinct, the ſilken ſuit,

Meer

Mere modern PHAETON's, uſurp the reins,
And ſcour in rival race NEW-MARKET's plains.
See ſide by ſide, the Jockey and Sir JOHN,
Diſcuſs th' important point-----of *ſix to one*.
For oh, my Muſe, the deep-felt bliſs how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a Jockey's ear!

See, like a routed hoſt, with headlong pace,
Thy *Members* pour amid the mingling race!
All aſk, what crouds the tumult could produce----
" Is *Bedlam* or the *C--------ns* all broke looſe?"
Such noiſe and nonſenſe, betting, damning, ſinking,
Such emphaſis of oaths, and claret-drinking!
Like ſchool-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
Proud from a *well-bred thing* to riſque their necks.
The warrior's ſcar not half ſo graceful ſeems,
As, at NEW-MARKET, diſlocated limbs.

Thy *ſages* hear, amid th' admiring croud
Adjudge the *ſtakes*, moſt eloquently loud:

With

With critic ſkill, o'er dubious *bets* préſide,
The low diſpute or kindle, or decide:
All empty wiſdom, and judicious prate,
Of *diſtanc'd* horſes gravely fix the fate.
Guide the nice conduct of a daring *match*,
And o'er th' *equeſtrian* rights, with care paternal, watch.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots riſe,
To guard *Britannia*'s honour, warm and wiſe:
No more in Senates dare aſſert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cauſe:
Neglect the counſels of a ſinking land,
And know no *Roſtrum*, but *New-Market's* † *Stand*.

Are theſe the ſage directive pow'rs deſign'd,
With the nice ſearch of a ſagacious mind;

---

† A kind of ſcaffold, where is held a *conſiſtory*, made up of ſeveral very eminent gentlemen, for determining doubtful caſes in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called, a *Pandæmonium*.

In

In judgment's ſcales, the fate of realms to weigh,
Britannia's intereſt, trade, and laws ſurvey?
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient ſchemes are croſt,
Or when a nation, or a *match* is loſt?
Who *dams* and *ſires* with more exactneſs trace,
Than of their country's Kings the ſacred race;
Think *London journies* are the worſt of ills,
And ſet their hands to *articles* for *bills*:
Strangers to all hiſtorians ſage relate,
Their's are the memoirs of th' *equeſtrian* ſtate:
Unſkill'd in *Albion*'s paſt and preſent views,
Who * CHENY's records for RAPIN peruſe.

Go on, brave Youths, till in ſome future age,
Whips ſhall become the *ſenatorial badge*;
Till *England* ſee her thronging ſenators
Meet all at *Weſtminſter*, in boots and ſpurs;
See the whole Houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her Patriots all in leathern breeches clad:

* The accurate and annual author of *an hiſtorical liſt of the running-horſes*, &c.

Of *bets*, for *taxes*, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a *Steed* and *State*.

How would a virtuous † *Houhnhym* neigh diſdain,
To ſee his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear ſlavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the deſtin'd road,
And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Suſtain each ſordid toil of ſervile life.
Yet oh, what rage would touch his generous mind,
To ſee his ſons of more than mortal kind;
A kind, with each ingenuous virtue bleſt,
That fills the prudent head, or valorous breaſt,
Afford diverſion to that monſter baſe,
That meaneſt ſpawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conſpire,
That hated animal, a *Yahoo-Squire*.

---

† *Vid.* GULLIVER's travels, voyage to the *Houhnhyms*.

How

How are th' advent'rers of the *Britiſh* race,
Chang'd from the choſen chiefs of ancient days;
Who warm'd with genuine glory's honeſt thirſt,
Divinely labour'd in the *Pythian* duſt.
Their's was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Their's was the *Theban* bard's recording ſong.
Meantime, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that ſtains the mind,
Our *Britiſh* THERON's iſſue to the race,
Of their own generous courſers the diſgrace.
What tho' the grooms of *Greece* ne'er *took the odds*,
They won no *bets*----but then they ſoar'd to gods;
And more an HIERO's Palm, a PINDAR's Ode,
Than all the united *plates* of G-----E beſtow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy ſolemn ſcenes, and awful viſions riſe,
In ancient grace before my muſing eyes.

Here *Sparta*'s ſons in mute attention hang,
While ſage LYCURGUS pours the mild harangue;
There XERXES' hoſts all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her † fated Hero's flaſhing ſpear.
Here hung with many a lyre of ſilver ſtring,
The laureat walks of ſweet ILISSUS ſpring:
And lo where, rapt in beauty's heav'nly dream
Hoar PLATO walks his oliv'd *Academe*.------

Yet ah! no more the ſeat of art and arms,
Delights with wiſdom, or with virtue warms,
Lo! the ſtern *Turk*, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blaſted all the bays of ancient age;
No more her groves by ſacred feet are trod
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair GREECE! by luxury's pleaſing bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign chain.

† LEONIDAS.

BRITANNIA watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou haſt rival'd GRÆCIA's praiſe,
Great Nurſe of works divine! yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the fate of GREECE, my Country ſhare.
Recall thy wonted worth with conſcious pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a SOLON in a HYDE;
Haſt bade thine EDWARDS and thine HENRY's rear
With *Spartan* fortitude the *Britiſh* ſpear;
Alike haſt ſeen thy ſons deſerve the meed,
Or of the moral, or the martial Deed.

F I N I S.